

Polit. Pamph. Vol. 113.

THE
C H R O N I C L E
O F T H E

Queen of Hungary,

With the Mighty Acts of

GEORGE King of ENGLAND,

At the Battle of *DETTENGEN*; and
King George's Psalm of Thanksgiving for the
Victory over his and her Enemies

Written in the Manner of the
Ancient Jewish Historians.



By *Abram Ben Saddi*, Brother to *Nathan*
the Jew.

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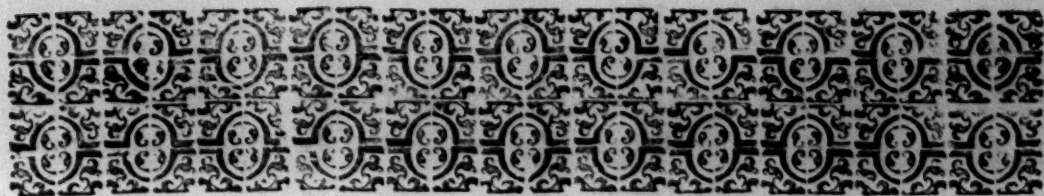
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The CHRONICLE, &c.

I.



OW it came to pass in the thirteenth Year of *George* King of *England*, that *Charles* King of *Germany* slept with his Fathers.

II.

And they brought him to the Sepulchre of the *German* Monarchs, and buried him in the City of his Fathers, even the City of *VIENNA*: And his Daughter *Maria Theresa* reigned in his stead.

III.

Maria Theresa was three and twenty Years old when she began to reign; and her Mother's Name was *Elizabeth Christina*.

IV.

And she sat upon the Throne of her Fathers with great Mildness and Clemency; howbeit many Enemies rose up against her.

V.

For *Charles Albert Cajetan* Prince of *BAVARIA*, *Augustus* Prince of *SAXONY*, *Frederick* King of *PRUSSIA*, *Lewis* King of *FRANCE* and *Philip* King of *SPAIN*, took counsel together against her saying,

VI. Let us

VI.

Let us arise, and go up against the *Queen*; let us take her strong Holds, let us possess her Gates, let us divide the Kingdom, and enrich ourselves with the Spoils thereof.

VII.

And the *Prussians*, and the *Saxons*, and the *French*, and the *Bavarians*, and the *Spaniards* immediately arose, and gather'd themselves together, and put themselves in Battle-Array against her.

VIII.

But *CHARLES* of *LORRAIN*, the Captain of her Army, prevail'd against them, for the Lord was with him, and he discomfited the Hosts of her Enemies.

IX.

Howbeit the War ceased not, for her Enemies gather'd themselves together yet once more against her.

X.

¶¶ Now at the End of the second Year, the Lord stirred up the Heart of *GEORGE* King of *ENGLAND*, to succour the distressed *Queen* against her Foes,

XI.

Infomuch that he sent forth *STAIR* the Captain of his Host, with *Clayton*, and *Ilton*, and *Campbell*, and *Honeywood*, and all the mighty Men of Valour; together with the Flower of his Army, twenty thousand chosen Men that drew the Sword, and they pitched their Tents in *Flanders*.

XII. And

XII.

¶ And it came to pass that after the Year was expir'd, at the Time that Kings go out to Battle, *Stair* led forth the Power of the Army, and encamped in the way as thou goest from *Franckfort* to *Aschaffenberg*, on the Borders of the River *Main*.

XIII.

And the *Franks* gather'd themselves together, and pitched their Tents over-against him, on the other Side of the River.

XIV.

And *Stair* sent Messengers to the King saying, the *Franks* are come up against me, and prepare themselves; come now therefore speedily, I pray thee, before the Battle join, lest the Victory be given to me, and the Glory thereof to my Name.

XV.

And straightway *George* arose, and girt on his Sword, and took his Journey by the Way of *Hanover*, and came unto the Host.

XVI.

And *William* his Son, a valiant Prince, whose Mother's Name was *Caroline*, went up with him to the Army.

XVII.

And it came to pass in the Beginning of the fourth Month, which is the Month *Thamuz*, on the first Day of the Month, the Armies joined together in Battle.

XVIII.

And the *Franks* were sore distress'd in the midst of the Battle, and gave way to the mighty men of Valour, and the Lord deliver'd the Multitude of their Host into the Hand of the King of *England*.

XIX. And

XIX

And the Men of *France* made haste, and fled from the face of the *English*, and fell down slain by the Woods of *Dettingen*.

XX.

And the Battle went fore against *Noailles*, the Captain of their Host, for the *English* follow'd hard upon him, and his Son was wounded in the Belly.

XXI.

And a certain Man fir'd a Cannon at a venture, and smote *Clayton* so that he dyed; and the King and all the Host of *England* mourned for him many Days.

XXII.

And *George* the King, and *William* the Prince, behaved themselves valiantly in the fore-front of the Battle.

XXIII.

And the *English* pursued the *Franks*, with great slaughter, from the Village of *Dettingen*, to the Fords of the River, even forty and eight Furlongs.

XXIV.

And many of the Princes of *France* were slain, and many were taken Prisoners, and there fell of the People that Day, above five thousand.

XXV.

And many of the *English* enriched themselves, that Day with the Spoil of their Enemies, even to the value of a thousand Shekels and upwards, according to the Shekel of the Sanctuary.

XXVI.

And the *English* rejoiced greatly, of the Safety of the King and the Prince, and at the Victory God had given them over their Enemies, saying

XXVII. The

XXVII.

The Glory of *England* is exalted, and the Honour of *Britain* is lifted up, and Fear is fallen upon our Enemies.

XXVIII.

Tell it abroad in LONDON; publish it in the Streets of WESTMINSTER: Let the Daughters of *England* rejoice, let the Daughters of *Britain* triumph.

XXIX.

For, from the Blood of the Slain, from the fat of the Mighty, the Bow of *William* turned not back, and the Sword of *George* returned not empty.

XXX.

George and *William* were lovely and pleasant in Peace, and in War they were not divided: They were swifter than *Eagles*, more watchful than *Hawks*, stronger than *Lyons*.

XXXI.

Ye Daughters of *Britain* rejoice under *George*, who cloaths you in Scarlet, with other Delights, who puts Ornaments of Gold upon your Apparel.

XXXII.

Moreover the King added and said, God is my Strength and Power; he teacheth my Hands to War, so that a Bow of steel is Broken by mine Arms.

XXXIII.

I have pursued mine Enemies and destroyed them, and turned not again untill I had consumed them.

XXXIV.

And I have consumed them, and wounded them, that they cou'd not arise, yea they are fallen under my feet.

XXXV. For

XXXV.

For thou hast girded me with Strength to Battle; them that rose up against me hast thou subdued under me.

XXXVI.

Thou hast also given me the Necks of mine Enemies, that I might destroy them that hate me.

XXXVII.

They looked, but there was none to save; then did I beat them as small as the Dust of the Earth; I did stamp them to pieces; I did scatter them abroad in the River.

XXXVIII.

It is God that avengeth me, and bringeth down mine Enemies; therefore I will give Thanks unto thee O Lord; I will sing Praises to thy Name.

XXXIX.

He is the Tower of Salvation for his King; and sheweth Mercy to his Anointed, even unto *George* and his Seed for evermore.

XL.

Now for the rest of the Particulars, the number of the Prisoners, the Trophies of Victory, and the Valour of the mighty Men, behold are they not written in the Books of *Newcastle the Secretary*.



F I N I S.

